VERSES

ON THE

PEACE;

BY THE

SCHOLARS of *Croyden* School, *Surry*.

Spoken in Publick *May* 13, 1713.

Croydon School
K

———*Ineſt ſua Gratia Parvis.*

LONDON:

Printed for *A. Baldwin*, at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. MDCCXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
PRINTED BOOKS
DUPLICATE

A REPORT
ON
THE BOOKS
IN THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES

THYRSIS and CORYDON,
TWO SHEPHERDS.

THYRSIS.

WHY now ſo Blith, fond Shepherd, why ſo Gay?
In joyful Songs you paſs the Time away.
I pitying oft, have heard you here complain
Of coy *Amynta*, and her proud Diſdain.
Whence is this happy Change? You've now no Care;
No Signs of Grief, I ſee, or ſad Deſpair:
The Spring's Approach ſure cheers your gladſome Mind,
When all Things ſport, and every Mate is kind.
The graſſy Fields with ſmiling Verdure pleaſe,
And early Bloom adorn the budding Trees.
Vigour and Warmth have driven your Grief away;
Delights and Rural Songs take up the Day.

Cory. Thyrſis, 'tis not alone the joyfull Spring
That gives me Hopes, that makes me ſmile and ſing.
I never ſhall *Amynta*'s Coyneſs mind,
Nor dread her proud Diſdain, if *Cloe*'s kind.
Who will not now put on a chearful Face?
For Spring is come---the Spring that bringeth Peace.
No more rude Forragers, with fearful Haſte,
Shall break down Hedges, nor the Country waſte;
Nor rob th' unwilling Folds, or tear the Lambs
From penſive Shepherds, and from bleating Dams.
Now in the Earth the fruitful Seeds are ſown,
And Peaſants call the next Year's Crop their own.

Thyr. We in a Doubt indulg'd the pleaſing Thought;
At laſt, the Joyful News *Menalvas* brought.
Then tune your Rural Pipes, and bleſs that Pow'r
That cou'd ſuch Joys beſtow, in ſuch an Hour.
Come, praiſe the Goddeſs who Protects the Plains;
Shepherds may ſafely ſing, while *ANNA* Reigns.

WIL. DRAPER.
THO. GAY.

THrice Happy we! Arms shall no more prevail,
Nor Frighted Ships suspect the distant Sail.
Agreeing Nations shall Contend no more,
For Peace and Concord reach the *Indian* Shore.

So oft amidst the Horrors of the Night
Contending Winds engage in Noisie Fight;
But soon as e'er the early rising Sun
Gilds the blue Morn, and puts his Glory on,
The Cloudy Vapours all are husht and gone.

The Harmless Gown *Pallas* again shall wear,
Prefer the Book, and scorn the rougher Spear.
Destructive Wars, when ended, but encrease
The long succeeding Joys of softer Peace.

THO. BUSHEL.

SEE! Peace at last begins her Happy Reign,
And Crown'd with Years of Mirth is ev'ry Swain.
While raging Wars to Nations Rest deny'd,
Blest they, who were not Born, or who soon Dy'd.
Far happier we, who now begin to live,
While Peace comes on, and Arts of Peace revive.
Like those who thoughtless sleep the Night away,
With Joy awake at the Approach of Day.

WIL. WIGAN.

HAIL, thou bright Goddess, who alone
Canst stop th' avenging Angel's Hand;
Who wilt for former Crimes attone,
And bless the undeserving Land.

We, alway Peace, when absent, prize;
Should we not like her beauteous Charms,
But now the proffer'd Good despise;
There ne'er would be an End of Arms.

Do thou, O Heav'nly Goddess, spread
Around the World thy balmy Wings;
While Joyous Nymphs the Dances tread,
And the glad Swain securely sings.

O'er-flowing Plenty, sweet Encrease,
Mirth and soft Loves, make up thy Train:
Rest undisturb'd, and soothing Ease,
Brood Quiet o'er the smiling Plain.

JOHN HEATHFEILD.

BEGONE Complaints; no more be heard;
For now all's lovely, all's ſerene:
Death in ſtrange Shapes no more is fear'd,
For Peace has chang'd the Tragick Scene.

O may the Goddeſs alway ſmile,
And Kingdoms willingly obey;
May She Propitious bleſs the Iſle,
And here for ever chuſe to ſtay.

May *Albion*'s Sons be always freed
From Publick Wars, and Private Spoil;
May no deſigning Plots ſucceed,
Or Civil Feuds the Land embroil.

May nought diſturb a Peaceful Life;
Nor ſudden Heat, nor groundleſs Fright,
Divide the Realm with baleful Strife;
And Loving Nations diſunite.

RIGH. BAGG.

LET others ſing of Drums, or Trumpets ſound:
Of daring Soldiers ſcaling Walls or Mound.
My Muſe a nobler Subject ſhall prepare:
It ſings of Peace more willingly than War.

Bleſt Power! for ever here vouchſafe to ſtay:
'Tis Pity that your Glory ſhou'd decay.

Forbear, Fond Iſle, forbear thy ſelf t' engage
Again in Foreign Wars or Civil Rage.
So nothing ſhall our happy Realm moleſt;
But a ſweet Calm ſooth ev'ry *Engliſh* Breaſt.

RANDOLPH GREENWAY.

BEHOLD! the People from their Labour ceaſe;
With Acclamations Loud Proclaim the Peace.
Peace! Parent of all Earthly Joys, from whom
A Lovely Race of Brighter Days ſhall come.
This chearful News hath made all *Europe* glad,
She penſive long, now rears her Joyful Head.

Begone all Doubts and Fears, ye Sons of Night,
Retire before her Beams, and take your Flight.

For Truth and Juſtice *ANNA* will maintain,
And bleſs her Subjects with a happy Reign.

In Volumes Some theſe Noble Acts rehearſe,
While we our Duty pay in Youthful Verſe.

WIL. GLYNN.

TO *ANNA*'s Care and Vigilance we owe
Out Peace; the greateſt Bleſſing here belo

I to Her ſacred Name would Praiſes ſing,
In Duty, this my humble Tribute bring.

But ah! Enough of Her I cannot ſay,
I'm Young; Let others Write, and I'll Obey.

EDWARD KING.

WARS Humble ſome, whilſt other States they Raiſe,
To Thoſe, the Willows give; to Theſe, the Bays.
While Joyous Feſtivals the Victors keep,
The Conquer'd mourn, and clad in Sackcloth weep.

So, *Egypt* Penſive ſat in Diſmal Night,
While bord'ring *Goſhen* ſaw the cheerful Light.

But gentle Peace with an Impartial Hand
Beſtows Her bounteous Gifts on ev'ry Land.
From Yearly Toil the weary Nations reſt,
All Joy alike, and all alike are Bleſt.

WIL. BUSH.

FIERCE Wars have long contending States deſtroy'd;
No Reſt the Nymph, no Reſt the Swain enjoy'd.

The *Flandrian* Rivers ſaw that each Campaign,
The Banks were higher rais'd with Heaps of Slain:
And yet the ſwelling Streams their Banks o'erflow'd,
Damm'd up with Bodies, and encreas'd with Blood.

ANNA alone cou'd Healing Peace reſtore,
And bid deſtructive Furies rage no more:
Let there be Peace, the Awful Goddeſs ſaid;
At the commanding Word all Kings obey'd.

JOHN SMYTH.

Th' har-

TH' harmonious Spheres with Hallelujahs rung,
Bright Angels join'd, and with the Shepherds ſung,
Ne'er-fading Glory unto God above,
Sweet Peace on Earth, to Men Eternal Love.
Peace is at laſt to ſmiling *Europe* given;
Peace, Nature's Darling, and the Joy of Heaven.
Let ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue rejoice,
Io TRIUMPHE be the Nation's Voice.
Raiſe up ye tuneful Bards, your Voices raiſe,
Crown *ANNA*'s Head with never-dying Praiſe.
Sing ſofteſt Strains, that ſhall the Envious pleaſe,
And ſoften Rage and Fury into Eaſe.
So ſhall we ſpend our Time free from all Fears,
And PEACE and PLENTY crown th' enſuing Years.

NED-BISS HALE.

NUNC trahunt currus niveæ Columbæ
Pacis, & leni Zephyrus ſuſurro
Suaviter circùm Roſeos amicus
Spargit odores.

Jam redit Virgo, tacitæque Fraudis
Veritas expers, animique Candor,
Et Fides alma, & ſceleri timenda
Jura procaci.

Somnus haud ullo ambiguus timore
Mulcet, aut luſus levibus Cachinnis
Perſtrepunt crebri, Chariteſque trinæ
Brachia jungunt.

Otium laudat placidum Colonus,
Fundit & Vini pateram rubentis,
Ad Focum natis repetunt Parentes
Commoda Pacis.

O Pater, ſummi Moderator orbis,
Tu diu ſerves Columen, Decuſque
Inſulæ noſtræ, Britonas tuentem
Protegito ANNAM.

Illa frœnavit Populi furores.
Ah! Diù præſens beet ANNA Mundum,
Et Poli ſedem Ætherei paratam
Sera reviſat.

NED-BISS HALE.

O Martis Famuli trucis Valete:
Artes Pacis enim juvant amænæ.
Jam ceſſat Litui, Tubæque clangor.
Haud nobis Galeæ jubis comantes
Sunt cordi, aut jacula, aut graves Pharetræ:
Sed me gramineo juvat, Dolore
Proſterni vacuum, Toro, & Neæræ
In ſomnis dare baſium procaci.
O Martis Famuli trucis valete.

En! Pallas poſito Libros reſumit
Haſtili, Gladio Togamque prefert.
Seu Tritonia, ſeu Minerva dici
Mavis, Nata Jove, Artiumque præſes,
Te, grati colimus libenter omnes.

At ſemper venies Inermis, Oro,
Et Rheni rapidum, tumenſque Flumen,
Poſtponas placidæ Thameſis undæ.
O Martis Famuli trucis valete.

GUIL. ANDREWS.

ANNA jubet; ſævus Belli furor Arma relinquat;
Feſtinate Duces, veſtras componere Lites.
Dixit; & Immanis ceſſat Diſcordia Regum,
(Quis, quæſo, Matris Caſtrorum obſiſtere juſſis
Audeat?) & Juſtis componit Legibus Orbem.
Illius Arbitrio Reges fiuntque cáduntque.
Quis tibi Regna Sabaude dedit? Quis ſceptra Bavare?
Quis, niſi Principum honos, atque Ingens Gloria Sceptri?
Quin manibus Regina tuis Borbonius ipſe
Hiſpanis, Itali, etiam præponitur Indis.
Aſt ego quid memorem peregrina inſignia Facta?
Anglorum Res; hæc curat magis optima Mater.
O felix Regio tibi quid non conſulit ANNA?
Gaude Mercator; naves tutò Æquora ſcindent;
Nec niſi Neptunum ullum Hoſtem tua Cymba timebit.
Enſis fit vomer; ſolers lætare colone
Te, ſævus Miles poſthac non tollet Aratro.
Horrida Bella ruunt; placidæ cantate Camænæ;
Pacifæræque ANNÆ Laudes ad Sydera ferte.
Copia, Paxque venit, nunc exultate Britanni,
Merces, ignotas Mundi ducetis ad oras,
Indeque quod præſtans habet Indus, & Anglus habebit.

Vos

Vos omnes Ratibus resecabitis Æquoris Undas,
Nam nullos Hostes in toto Orbe ANNA reliquit.
Tutatur Socios; placat, devincit & Hostes;
Imperium amplificat, tua Jura, Britannia, servat;
At quod præcipuum, Sacratas protegit Aras;
Cultuque æterno licet observare Penates.

Ergo secedat Livor, fugiantque Rebelles,
ANNÆ concordi cantemus voce Triumphos,
Oribus & gratis simul exclamemus & omnes
Tanta patrasse Hominem non personat;
O Dea certè!

GUIL. ANDREWS.

QUAMVIS lenta, tamen longo post tempore venit
Pax alma, & lætâ fronte revisit agros.
Amplius haud terrent strepitus, clangorque Tubarum,
Nec Pastor trepidans in nemora alta fugit.
Nam pecori, & pecudum Dominis dedit Otia Diva,
Atque ANNAM grato Carmine Rura canunt.

THO. TENISON.

JAM verè effulget Phœbus, tenebrisque fugatis,
Alma Dies Lucem spargit ubique suam.
Nec steriles glebas, jam torret Syrius ardens,
Nec nimiâ occiduum sydus inundat aquâ.
Non venti segetes sternunt, nec scabra Rubigo
Polluit, aut messi tristia Damna dabit.
Ambitio, violenta Fames, Fraudesque malignæ,
(Turba gravis Paci) jam sua tecta petunt.
Terram noctis atræ Proles invita reliquit,
Atque fugit, læto jam veniente Die.
Nec Britonum facibus pertentant pectora sævis,
Olim divisos Unio vera ligat.

THO. GAY.

SANGUINIS ah! fusi satis est, terra undique Bello
Exarsit sævis Furiarum accensa colubris:
Hinc populi turbæ, cædes, incendia passim,
Æquataque solo, subversis Mœnibus, Urbes.

Nil ſacrum, aut tutum; nulli ſua jura manebant;
Innocuas Caſas hoſtilis flamma cremavit.
Ruſticus inſano Martis correptus amore
Ipſe ſuum in validos enſes conflavit aratrum,
Attritum quondam ſulcis, & Pacis amicum.

Agricolæ campos deſertaque rura relinquunt:
Uxor at in ſomnis longè quæſivit amotum
Heu! ſponſum, & viduo duxit ſuſpiria lecto.
Ipſe ſed ad Rhenum minitans jam concitat arma,
Spumantem aut Moſam cumulatâ ſtrage cruentat.
Aſt tandem pacat gentes ſiſtitque tumultus
ANNA graves, miſerans orbem, innocuiſque recondit
Enſes vaginis, atque æſtus ſedat iniquos.
Pax veniens placidæ ramos prætendit Olivæ,
Et clauſis Jani, miteſcent ſæcula, portis.

Emeritus Miles Populorum detinet aures
Hiſtoriis longis, & vulnera narrat honeſta;
Diſpoſitas referens turmas, fera prælia monſtrat,
Effuſoque mero menſâ caſtra omnia pingit:
Hâc, inquit, fertur Schelda! hinc Eugenius hoſtes
Irruit in denſos; illic Marlburius urbem
Urget munitam atque armato milite cingit.
Sed Dominus tandem verus [illegible] prædia noſcit,
Nec tenet extremus tam culta novalia Miles.
Agricolæ figunt Cervos; & Terminus agri
Egeſtâ, ut quondam glebâ, ſaxove notatur.
Stipatis ſepes obductas ſentibus armat
Ruſticus, & palis, & foſsâ munit agellum,
Nè teneris noceat Vitulæ petulantia Spicis.
Jam Roſa, jam Violæ, jam purpurei Narciſſi
Concertant formâ, & varii miſcentur odores.
Arridet pratum & repetitis cantibus omnis
Sylva, avibus ſedes olim benè nota canoris,
Aſſonat, &, Nymphæ, Corydon ſecurus in umbrâ
Formoſæ cava ſaxa docet ſibi reddere nomen.
Jam Bello curiſque exempta Hiſpania gaudet,
Poſtquam multa tulit, jucundâ pace triumphat.
Fælicem laudat Bellatrix Flandria ſortem,
Atque herbas nullo miratur ſanguine tinctas.
Exultant Gentes, & præmia digna referre
Reginæ certant, quæ debellare Superbos
Armipotens potuit------potuit ſed parcere Victis.

MAT. HALE.

5

ΜΟΥΡΟΣ Ἄρης ἀπηλάσθη πολὺς φθισήνορ Ἄτης,
Μαῖά τε Ἥρᾳ πολέμων ἀλεσιδώρ ἔρις·
Αἶμαξί τ' ῥηξ τε, θεῶν τε μιλαθρα μιήνει,
Καὶ πόλιας μερόπων αἰθαλόεντι πυρὶ·
Εἰσόκε τειρομένων χωλεὸν ὠκλείρετο Ἄνναν
Πάντων Ἀνὶ ἀγαθῶν πυλυδότειρα θέα.

MAT. HALE.

ΕΠΙΓ.

ΕΘΝΕΣΙ μὲν Πόλεμος νίκην παυρίσιν ὀπάζει,
Ἀλλὰ τὸν Εἰρήνης πάντα θεὰμβον ἔχει.

WIL. DRAPER.

FINIS.

BRITISH
30 AP 85
MUSEUM